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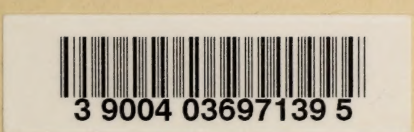

The EDITH *and* LORNE PIERCE
COLLECTION *of* CANADIANA

Queen's University at Kingston

he Road to Heaven is Paved
h Broken Precedents"

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MEDICINE-MAN RULE IN CANADA

Story of a National Scandal, a Suppressed Exposure, and a Drastic Prescription

Told in Letters to the Prime Minister, with a Sequel,

By HOWARD ANGUS KENNEDY
Author of "New Canada and the New Canadians", "The Story of Canada", etc., etc.

Spell-binder good for This

—but no good for This

Printed for the Author
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"The question arises whether Canada must rely upon the methods we have used in the past for our national business, and which may be said to be entirely responsible for our want of progress, or whether we shall awake to the national opportunities we are losing, abandon our traditions of stagnating methods, and adopt new systems both modern and efficient."
—Economic and Development Commission.

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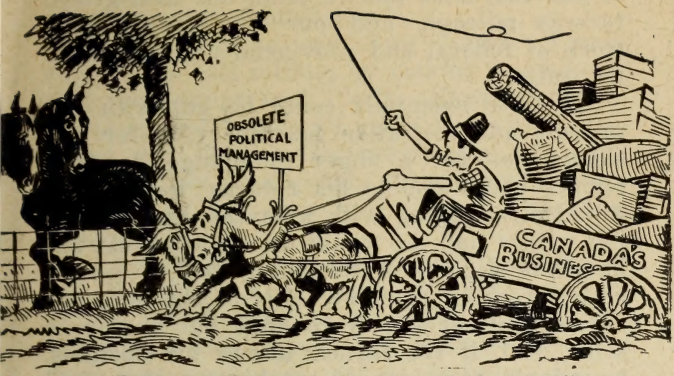
"Establish a specially qualified authority which will plan and carry through those large and varied schemes of organized settlement without which Canada must remain a giant skeleton, rattling its bones in a pitiful plea to be decently clothed in human flesh and blood."



"Take a real team and get on to the road!"

MEDICINE-MAN RULE

I have been asked by many of my fellow-countrymen for copies of my "Open Letters" to the Prime Minister. In these letters I made public for the first time **"the most damning document ever presented to a Canadian Government by one of its own members,"—the long suppressed exposure,** by the Chairman of the ill-fated Economic Commission, **of the mismanagement of our great business departments by political chieftains,—the denunciation of that system as the cause of our national stagnation,—and the demand for a modern system of management** as absolutely necessary to set us once more on the road to prosperity.

To meet the growing demand for the original letters, they are here reprinted, in a slightly shortened form.

Farming With Scythe and Flail

Can any one think the object of this national movement is simply to get new administrative machinery for the pleasure of admiring its up-to-date pattern, as children hanker after new toys? The object is entirely practical:—

Prosperity in all industry and trade;
Steady employment;
Individual and social welfare;
The security of our national existence.

All these depend chiefly on our obtaining a large and rapid increase of permanent population till it bears some reasonable proportion to our enormous unused land, our over-grown railway mileage, and our top-heavy framework of federal and provincial and municipal institutions.

If these essentials could be got with our present administrative machinery, I for one should not stir a finger to change it. If a farmer could double his returns by seeding broadcast, reaping with a scythe, and threshing with a flail, he would do so; he would not have the slightest desire for a drill, a binder, or a threshing machine. His objective is not a bunch of machinery to keep but a crop to sell. And, **if the farmer knows his business, he adopts any sort of machinery that will bring him the biggest net result.**

The political farming of this country is still being carried on with flail and scythe. We see the miserable result. **If we know our business as citizens,** we shall insist on sensible up-to-date machinery of administration, not because it is new, but because it will do the work and turn a heavy loss into a profit.

The clean-cut question raised in these letters, then, is simply this,—"**Shall we get the best men,** the fittest men, to manage our mismanaged business,—men who can and will put success in place of failure?" Not merely "Do we want them?" but "**SHALL WE GET THEM?**"

Once that question goes home to the national mind, the answer will be prompt and emphatic. "Yes, of course!" and the men will be got.

No Scalps Wanted, Thank You!

It will be interesting, as a sequel to the Letters themselves, to quote some of the private comments they have provoked—also to prick a few beautiful bubbles, especially those of "popular control" and "democratic inefficiency"—and to hit a few nails on the head that may have been left sticking out. This sequel you will find beginning on page 20.

Meanwhile, let me say that the anger of some of the "Medicine Men" whose system is here exposed, is very good to see. It shows they realize that once our people learn how the present system keeps the country poor, the Medicine Man will have to reform or go.

"You're after our scalps, are you?" asks one of our rulers. If we were, it would be enough to answer, **"Our skins are worth more than your scalps. We'll stop scalping you when you stop skinning us."**

It is right to say "we", now. I only started the ball rolling, by making known certain long-suppressed facts. Expressions of warm approval from all parts of the Dominion prove that I voice the indignation of many of my fellow-countrymen, though I still write entirely on my own initiative and responsibility.

At the risk of appearing unduly tender to Mr. Mackenzie King, some of whose qualities I have always admired, let me add that if any other man had been Prime Minister I should have addressed him just as frankly. But I am no collector of scalps, whether dark or fair.

Besides, if anyone fears for his scalp, there is an easy way to save it—keep out of the way of the knife.

The man who smashed a farmer's hand on top of a fence-post the other day did not aim at the hand. The post had to be driven in, and the hammer had to fall. The farmer left his hand in the way—and that was that!

FIRST LETTER

That Mysterious Disappearance

To the Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King :

Dear Prime Minister,—The mysterious disappearance of a high-born Canadian infant, in the year 1916, gave rise to many guesses and suspicions. As the country's attention was distracted by the war, however, the incident was soon forgotten, a nine-days' wonder. The time has evidently come to publish the facts, and I take this means of doing so.

Do you ask how the eight-year-old fate of an infant concerns a two-year-old Prime Minister?

You will soon see.

For the unhappy event of 1916, when you were wandering irresponsibly out in the cold, you may plead an alibi. For the failure to undo what then was done, you have no such excuse.

We are now paying you $19,000 a year.

Are you worth it? The question must often occur to your modest mind.

Anyone who shows you how to make yourself worth it, then, will have earned your gratitude. Whether he gets what he earns or not is another question, and matters nothing.

A Strangling Incubus

The story is that of a revolt against the strangling incubus of "Medicine Man Government," the hopelessly obsolete and costly burden of political management under which the whole Dominion staggers.

It matters not one straw to the country whether the story affects the fortunes of your party, or any other party. No—not one red cent, not one row of pins, not one hill of beans, not one solitary atom. The situation is too grave. We are suffering too painfully from the effect of muddle, meddle and mess on the fortunes of the Dominion, to care one whiff of wind for the possible effect of public enlightenment on the fortunes of a party.

As things happened, it was a Conservative Minister who led the revolt—and a Conservative Ministry that suppressed it. On the other side, it is a Liberal or "Reform" Ministry which for two years and a half has had the power to reform the evil and has not lifted one little finger to reform it.

The revolt is going to break out again, with no world war as an easy excuse for suppressing it this time. You can head it off, if you have the will, and if you are something more than a figure-head on a ship which everyone but the captain is allowed to steer. . . . But the opportunity may not be yours for long.

This Is No Scratch

The country is being bled white. You have shown yourself at last awake to the need of action of some kind. That is what encourages me to tell you about the really effective action recommended to a former Government by a highly responsible authority.

What is the action you propose? To stick a bit of plaster on a scratch. The story I am telling is that of a serious attempt, though speedily suppressed, to get at the root of the disease and stop the bleeding at its source. The doctors then called in, though ignominiously dismissed as soon as they dared to give honest advice, made practical recommendations which, if you muster up the courage to adopt them, may even now go far to save the country.

The vanished infant, born in the Privy Council Chamber, where you now preside, was christened "The Economic and Development Commission." That was a deadly dull name to give the poor thing, and helps to explain why its disappearance excited no more interest than it did. But its brief life was interesting enough in all conscience, and the manner of its tragic death was unique in the history of the Dominion.

"Sunk, leaving no trace." That is one account of the Commission's fate. It is probably true that even in the secret archives of the Privy Council you can find "no trace" of the sinking. I am quite prepared to hear a solemn official declaration that the Commission "made no report." But right here on my desk is the document laid before the Government by the Chairman of the Commission, containing all the grave charges and drastic recommendations which, he declared, the Commission intended to make.

The Commission could not go on and carry out that intention, for the very simple reason that the Commissioners were never again allowed to meet.

The decision of the Cabinet need not surprise us. The demand of the Commission's chairman was nothing less than a bold frontal attack on the system of "Government by Medicine Man": and the Medicine Men were the Cabinet Ministers themselves.

Spell-Binders, Red and White

It is an ancient institution, a hoary imposture, this paralytic system. Our earliest immigrant ancestors brought the rudiments of it from Europe, but they found it in full force among the Indians when they got here, and succeeding generations have developed it till it holds every branch of administration in its fatal grasp.

The Medicine Man was the spell-binder. He governed by noise. By his cries and gesticulations he awed and hypnotized the tribesmen into a belief that he alone could bring prosperity—in him alone was concentrated the wisdom and capacity of the tribe.

The Medicine Man still rules Canada.

The spell-binder has not changed his nature with his hat. He has not acquired, with the silk "topper" which replaces the feather headdress, any particular capacity for managing a

complicated piece of national business. Yet that is the job he is allowed to hold at $10,000 a year—or $15,000 if promoted Chief of the Band—in addition to the $4,000 we give him for merely sitting in the Senate or House of Commons.

Appoint a bull to manage a china shop, and you know what is likely to happen. Appoint a talk-artist, a vote-catcher, a wire-puller, a cat-jumper, a one-sided partisan, to manage a business department, and commonsense tells us what to expect.

Whether we expect it or not, we get it.

That is the egregious system which keeps our country in hobbles today; and that is the system which was utterly condemned in the most damning document ever presented to a Canadian Government by one of its own members.

SECOND LETTER

The Mountain and the Flea

When you laboriously produce, after two years of gestation, your great scheme of Civil Service economy, you irresistibly remind us of the mountain which gave birth to a ridiculous mouse. **This offspring of yours, however, turns out to be only a flea. A languid and pathetic flea, at that.** Can it even jump? If it beats Mark Twain's loaded frog by an inch, we shall be agreeably surprised.

The Civil Service assuredly needs reform; but the fundamental reform it needs is emancipation from the unnatural and paralyzing control of political management.

To smoke the drones out of the official hive is good. Go ahead and do it: if you can. Go further while you are about it. Cut out a lot of the useless red-tape and routine that keeps men apparently "busy" when they are only scratching paper and wasting the national resources of pulpwood. Go further still. Stop over-lapping, and not merely between different departments and branches of the same Department—negotiate with the nine other Governments of this mightily over-governed country to stop over-lapping between your officials and theirs, and between the Provinces themselves.

No one will welcome this true Civil Service reform more than the extremely able and hard-

working civil servants on whose reputation an undeserved slur is cast by their indifferent and superfluous colleagues.

But the dollars and cents you will save by it, what will they amount to? Put it at $2,000,000; or even suppose you double that figure, by carrying out the whole programme. The actual relief this will give your fellow-countrymen in a year will be about fifty cents a head, or four cents per month.

The action you propose is merely negative, and the gain is piffling. Give us action that is positive, constructive, re-constructive, and the gain will be tremendous.

Knock off that $4,000,000 from our expenditure, and we shall still be staggering under the burden of the remaining hundreds of millions, because it is chiefly unremunerative. **Make our expenditure pay,** or that large part of it which can be made to, and we shall carry it smiling.

Give Us What We Are Paying For

You remember Mr. Micawber? You must often think of him, for your life is spent in a constant hope that "something will turn up," as his was. You will remember also his invaluable discovery that an expenditure of $5 with an income of $4.90 is misery, while the same expenditure with an income of $5.10 is happiness.

In a business with a gross income of, say, $200,000 a year, a yearly expenditure of $250,000 means death. With an income of $300,000, the same expenditure is quite consistent with healthy and prosperous life.

If you give us the service we need, **a capable, zealous and businesslike** as well as economical service, which adds to the country's wealth, by **increasing its population and developing its resources**, for example,—we shall be taking in with one hand far more than we are paying out with the other.

"We must pay only for the service we get." That is the gist of your proposal to squeeze out superfluous officials. It is good as far as it goes, but it leaves us cold.

"We must get the service we pay for." Say that, give us that, and we shall bless you.

The most we can possibly gain by reducing the cost of our national staff to the value of the work now done by that staff, is a mere

nothing compared to the enormous profit obtainable by raising the value of the work done to the point of meeting the country's urgent needs. It is not within a thousand miles of that point yet.

The investigators appointed by the Federal Government during the war traced the disease of national stagnation to its source. It was because they discovered this source in the management of our business departments by political ministers that they were quietly snuffed out of existence, leaving no trace.

Once the people clearly understand the working and effect of "Medicine-Man Government," as mercilessly exposed by the responsible leader of that investigation — then politicians of every shade, with their finger on the public pulse, may soon be found vying with each other to introduce the great changes in our system of government declared to be necessary by the head of a highly conservative Government Commission.

THIRD LETTER

What Started the Exposure?

The investigating Commission which came to a sudden and mysterious end in 1916 was **appointed to find a remedy for grave national defects,** which were keeping down production and checking prosperity. Those defects are exactly what we are suffering from to-day, though it is eight years since that Commission's Chairman pointed the way to their remedy.

It was on the 28th of June, 1915, that your predecessor, Sir Robert Borden, called his Cabinet together and demanded the appointment of such a Commission.

Chiefly, and briefly, the defects to which he called attenton included the **lack of rural population; the drift from country to town; the inadequate profits of agriculture; the need of improved methods of production, of co-operation among producers, and of converting our raw material by manufacture before export.**

Though obviously **immigration** was just then out of the question, Sir Robert saw that we should be **prepared with "a vigorous and**

effective policy" to be put in force when the war ended, to attract immigration "of a type which would aid in insuring a large and permanent agricultural population."

The Prime Minister proposed, and the Cabinet agreed, that "careful and exhaustive inquiry" into these and kindred matters should be made by a Commission. Owing to Sir Robert's journey to England, the next step was delayed; but finally on October 19 the Cabinet appointed one of their own number, Senator Lougheed, to be Chairman of the Commission, and gave him eight colleagues—J. W. Flavelle, Toronto; W. Farrell, Vancouver; J. B. Rolland, Montreal; E. N. Hopkins, formerly of Moose Jaw; Senator W. B. Ross, Middleton, N.S.; Dr. J. G. Rutherford, Calgary; W. Smith, M.P., Columbus, Ont.; and J. G. Watters, Ottawa. Mr. Flavelle's place was afterwards taken by W. M. Dobell, of Quebec.

As nearly all these men were Conservatives, it was plain that such a Commission would make no recommendation of an unconstitutional or revolutionary nature.

The inquiry began hopefully. By means of a small but practical and experienced staff, a great quantity of valuable information was collected and classified.

Two only, of the hundreds of significant facts unearthed by the Commission, may be mentioned here.

Sink-or-Swim Results

It was found that under our homestead system, which we borrowed unthinkingly from the United States with the idea of filling up our vacant western land, 262,865 homesteads and pre-emptions, or 39.7 per cent. of the total, had been cancelled up to the end of 1915.

You know what that means. More than a quarter of a million, of those who took our offer of 160 acres of free land apiece, failed to fulfil even the absurdly easy conditions of cultivation and residence required. The area thus thrown back on our hands was 42,058,400 acres, unless some had been cancelled more than once. Of the homestead entries made from 1900 to 1909, as many as 49 per cent. had been cancelled.

Making every allowance for deficiencies in the homesteaders themselves, there is not the slightest doubt that **many thousands of these failures could have been avoided, if any care-**

fully thought-out steps for ensuring the homesteaders' success had been taken by the organization entrusted with the settlement of our lands. An organization on business lines would have taken such steps as a matter of course. This was not done, and **the result was a national loss huge beyond all calculation.**

The second fact referred to was this. While thousands of men had been allowed to scatter over a vast area and settle on public land far from any railway whatever, **the wasteful over-construction of competing lines had given many districts two and even three times the railway facilities they needed. It was a case of surfeit in one region, starvation in another.** Of the 261,783,000 acres within 15 miles of a railway in the Prairie Provinces, 27,125,120 acres were served by two railways, and 16,876,800 of these acres had two railways within five miles of them. More than that—5,125,120 acres had three railways within 15 miles of them, and included 3,369,600 acres within five miles of three railways.

The Commissioners were confronted by mountains of convincing evidence that the departmental system had failed, and that the cause of failure lay deep-seated in the very nature of that system.

Serving Two Masters

I was asked to put in writing the grounds on which this conviction was based, with particular reference to land settlement and immigration.

In doing so, I had to point out, among many other unpleasant facts, that **a Cabinet Minister in charge of a business department was compelled to "serve two masters" and perform—or attempt to perform—incompatible duties.** He was distracted between two objects. As a politician, he had to please his party. As an administrator, with a salary paid by the whole country, his duty was to manage his department regardless of party considerations.

This involved distraction of time and attention as well as conflict of interests; and a department, especially one involving such a vital and complex business as that of building up a successful agricultural population, could not possibly succeed without the undivided attention of a perfectly single-minded chief.

As for the Minister's staff, his own dependence on a political party necessarily affected those under his orders. **Men of commanding**

ability, men of initiative and constructive talent, men capable of organizing and managing important operations, naturally **tended to shun the public service—though there, of all places, the need of such men was overwhelmingly great.** When such men did appear in the service they found that its tendency was not to encourage and develop talent by exercise, but to atrophy and smother it.

Confessions of Failure

The failure of the present system, it was pointed out, had been at various times confessed by the Government in a most unmistakable way—by the setting up of the Railway Commission and the Grain Commission, for instance. **The overwhelming reasons why the existing Railway and Trade Departments had not been allowed to exercise the powers of those Commissions, were equally decisive against allowing similar departments to manage or mismanage the business of immigration and settlement.**

The system of putting our business operations under the management of political ministers, in short, was a fossilized failure, a hopeless specimen of organized incapacity.

If this was not truth, it was treason. I was quite prepared for official censure, or at any rate a mild reproof, for my audacity.

Instead of going too far, I was agreeably surprised to find I had not gone far enough to suit the Commissioners—at any rate in boldness of programme.

FOURTH LETTER

Strong Remedy Found Necessary

The demand which, I was authoritatively informed, the Economic and Development Commissioners would have to press on the Government, and which I accordingly formulated, was that land settlement and immigration should henceforth be carried out by three Commissioners, appointed for their special capacity for this work—(I had previously suggested that one of them should be a woman)—holding office for ten years, and exercising specific powers conferred on their body by statute.

The demand which the Chairman, speaking for the Commission, did actually make at a meeting of the Cabinet went much farther. Not merely one but **four important branches of Federal administration were immediately to be set free from political management.**

In what I have already described as the most damning document ever presented to a Canadian Government by one of its members, these words were used:

> "**Our departmental machinery is not calculated to adapt itself,** as would a business organization, **to new and advanced methods of developing our resources** in those subjects where promotive and aggressive methods are the essentials to success. No business organization would for a moment entertain the application of such machinery as our departmental methods to the transaction of an expanding business.
>
> "The question therefore arises whether Canada must necessarily rely upon the methods which we have used for the transaction in the past of our national business, and which may be said to be **entirely responsible for our want of progress,** or whether we shall awake to the national opportunities which we are losing and **abandon our traditions of stagnating methods and adopt new systems, both modern and efficient.**"

The Minister of each Department, the report declared, was "in the very nature of things charged with **keeping his Department largely in touch with the political fortunes of his party,**" while among the officials, no matter how capable they might be, "**initiative is not encouraged, constructive ability is not given full play, and aggressive methods are at variance with the traditions of the Departments.**"

An Ultimatum

The Commissioners' declaration was nothing less than an ultimatum to the Government which had appointed them. The Commissioners regarded it as "fundamental" that the Government should "at once give expression to its willingness to adopt machinery" through which alone the Commission's objects could be efficiently carried out. It was "absolutely indispensable" that the working out of these subjects should be entrusted to "active and permanent Commissions specially organized for

that purpose," appointed for, say, ten years. The Civil Service Act "should in no way apply to them."

Four such Commissions, of not more than three members each, were recommended. They were to take charge of (1) Immigration and Colonization, (2) Agriculture, (3) Trade, and (4) the Development of our Natural Resources. The then existing, but since destroyed, "Conservation Commission" was to be converted into a Bureau of Industrial and Scientific Research and attached to the Commission (No. 4) of Natural Resources. Each Commission "could be attached to the Department cognate with the subject," but "**should be charged with the same responsibility and given the same freedom of action that a business organization would feel it incumbent to apply** in analogous cases," and they should be **judged by the results they achieved.** The four Chairmen might form "a central committee or qualified executive," meeting at short intervals to promote "co-ordination, co-operation and other aggressive and promotive work."

Finally, "with all deference," the Government was notified that, unless it adopted some policy of the kind suggested, the Commission could not with any well defined advantage proceed further with its inquiry.

Turned Down—For a Time

What hope Sir James Lougheed cherished that his colleagues would seize this opportunity to carry out a great and beneficent national reform, I cannot say. Not much, I imagine. At any rate, to avoid the risk of its formal rejection by a Government of which he was a member, he did not formally "present the Commission's report."

Nevertheless, at that fateful meeting of the Cabinet his colleagues were made aware that this was what the Commission's report would be. "They all with one consent began to make excuse." There was one big excuse ready to hand. The war was enough to occupy them, without a great scheme of reform and reorganization—though it was this very war that made the need of reform and reorganization most apparent and most urgent. And, as the sequel shows, nothing more has been heard of the reform since the war ended.

The Chairman of the Economic and Development Commission, seeing the hopeful fruit of

all its labor fall still-born, fulfilled his threat, and allowed the Commission to drop silently into the grave which its parent had dug for its burial.

The Chloroform Is Passing Off

But the day of resurrection may be nearer than we think. You and your fellow Ministers are able, if you dare, to give the country a reform which every day more urgently demands.

I do not blink the obstacles in your way. Many of the political eminences who sit around you in that room, and possibly most of them, think their personal interest and ambition can best be served by clinging to the obsolete system; some of them may sincerely imagine that the system is best for the country as well as for themselves. Those who fear the change hope the public can be reckoned on to stay asleep under the chloroform of custom.

We have endured this thing from the blind force of habit, having never known freedom from its oppressive weight. But when Ministers are disposed to flatter themselves that the public is a stupid mule, they should remember the mule is apt to shoot out a sudden and a wicked hoof.

If, without waiting for the coming kick, you **give us a system of management on speaking terms with commonsense,** no true Conservative surely will grudge you the credit of a step which is equally required to conserve and to liberalize our institutions. We want no dictatorship here; but if you allow us no alternative except creeping paralysis and progressive anaemia, there is no saying in what form of explosion the over-strained patience of the country may suddenly break out.

Obstruction, by opposing construction, always provokes destruction. **If the reasonable demands for reform are resisted, they will certainly grow** till they are irresistible and perhaps also unreasonable, so that we shall have to sacrifice not only what is indefensible and obsolete but much that is really of value in our political system.

* * * * *

FIFTH LETTER

What Commonsense Points To

You were not responsible for the tragic disappearance of the Commission which I have described; but you and your colleagues are responsible for what has been done and left undone in the past two years [now three] under the Medicine-Man system of government which the Commission found guilty of our worst national troubles.

I call your attention to a sample of the working of this egregious system since you became Chief Medicine-Man.

* * * *

If in some spasm of self-mistrust, some sudden insurgence of commonsense, you had asked **any competent and unbiased judge** for his opinion as to the country's greatest need and the best way of meeting it, he would have had to say something like this:

"Beyond all question, your most urgent need is to unearth your hidden wealth, to develop your enormous undeveloped resources, of which your uncultivated or half-cultivated land is the greatest part. Your first business, then, is plainly to get population, people able and willing to do that work.

"You have to devise **new plans of settlement, of land-holding or land arrangement, of agricultural production and agricultural commerce,—yes, and agricultural manufacture**, so that you will no longer depend almost wholly on the sale of raw material. Every possible avenue must be explored, every resource of human ingenuity taxed to the utmost, **brushing aside all obstructive traditions and conventions to get and keep a large and permanent because successful and contented body of people doing this vital work.** Not until you have thoroughly tested every plan with one glimmer of hope in it, will you be entitled to say that the thing cannot be done.

"Any business organization, with such an object as this, would take the steps I have described as a matter of course.

"You Ministers, unfortunately, are anything but a business organization.

"If the system of management carried on by you and your colleagues, as by other Cabinets before you, gives no hope of the required transformation from loss to profit, so much the worse for the system.

"A system of government by party chieftains, if it can be justified at all, is only justifiable in proportion as they confine their activities within narrow limits. Ability in speech-making and private strategy, which enables them to win a party fight, may help them also in governing, in the old narrow sense of the word. **What you call government now, however, has gone far beyond that. It involves great business enterprises, which demand abilities of a totally different kind.**

"No one in his senses to-day, if called on to devise a system of management for national business undertakings, would dream of allowing management by partisan chiefs elected for all sorts of reasons totally apart from their fitness or unfitness for such a task.

"Your whole staff, the Civil Service, though no longer a political organization, is still a mere appendage to your political machine, taking orders from **political chiefs who have assumed the functions without possessing the qualifications of business management.**"

* * * *

That is the system you took over and have been trying to work as your predecessors did. The result is what might be expected.

The Art of Doing Nothing

You say that when you took office you **could not encourage immigration,** because it was all you could do to provide for returning soldiers and unemployed munition makers. That may have been true—because of the incapacity of a political machine to act efficiently in business. But what follows?

Clearly, that was the very time to form new plans for land settlement, so that when immigration should again become feasible these plans could be put into effect with the utmost promptitude and on the large scale which our national conditions would obviously demand.

Instead of that, you did nothing.

Are you aware, are the public aware, that **for a whole year** the Minister in charge of immigration, so far from being anxiously at work with his Deputy Minister framing and perfecting plans for the great task ahead of them both, never consulted him at all?

Imagine, if you can, the President and General Manager of a great business, sitting day after day and month after month in different offices on the same street, with practically

not a word passing between them! The thing simply could not happen.

But in your organization it did happen.

Scandalous? Of course it was. **Political management of a national business may be trusted to produce scandals** if it produces nothing else.

A Grave Public Danger

Not only did you fail in the elementary duty of preparing for immigration, but even now, after two whole years of neglected opportunity, when the immigrants we need are at the door—where are your carefully devised and varied plans for their successful settlement, so that they shall bring a maximum of benefit to the country? **Where are the drastic changes in the old do-as-you-like sink-or-swim programme, which are imperative** if we are not to be let in for a repetition of all the blunders and failures of the past? You are only just beginning, timidly groping in the dark.

Our whole recent history has piled proof on proof that our medicine-man system of management is incapable of meeting the country's elementary and vital needs; and such incapacity, at this critical point in our national existence, is a public danger of the gravest kind.

There was a famous general once who preferred to lose a war by sticking to ancient rules, rather than win by innovation. He lost accordingly, and never got another chance to win.

In Canada we used to crawl along primitive tracks, stalling in mud-holes, jolting over stones, and wrenching our wheels off in ruts. We have learnt to make decent roads, and travel with safety and speed. Is the old farmer shocked at the innovation? Does he consider the rough road a sacred old institution, and decline to use the smooth one? No; he may be wedded to old ways, but he draws the line at old ruts. With joy he throws old precedent to the discard, and gets to market in half the old time. If you, the political Road-master of Canada, will not **give us a modern road for the rut-worn track** now hindering our advance, we must find another who can and will. Not for love of any man or party will this young country long consent to crawl from year to year at the pace of a senile tortoise or a centenarian snail.

Yours sincerely,
HOWARD ANGUS KENNEDY.

THE SEQUEL

Giving Democracy a Bad Name

Though the fight for rational government is on, it is only begun. **It will save democracy from destruction, by making democracy efficient.** Until that is done, democracy is in grave and growing danger. Its enemies dare not attack it openly, just yet,—"but why should we", say they, "when its own friends save us all the trouble by **keeping it inefficient** and so proving its incapacity to the world?"

The widest popular self-government, democracy, is the only kind of government fit for any nation of self-respecting and even half-educated people. Some who admit this, however, do it with a sigh and a hopeless "But"—"But **we can't expect it to do the national business as efficiently as autocratic control.** The democratic machine works poorly, but we must grin and bear it."

Give a dog a bad name, and you send him to the hangman. Make people think democracy must always remain inefficient, and you put a deadly weapon in the hand of its enemy.

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Imagine a short-sighted customer of this kind trying a horse, and bringing it back to the owner. "It's a fine looking beast," says he, "but it just naturally can't run."

"Ain't that too bad," says the owner, scratching his head. "It's the only one I've got, too."

"Well, I'll have to make the best of it, but heaven knows how I'll ever get where I've got to go, at half a mile an hour. The animal is spavined, or foundered, or rheumatic or something."

"No, it ain't," says a little boy at the horse's feet, **"it's got hobbles on."**

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Take the hobbles off democracy, before you dare to say it can't run. Give it the use of its legs, and then see.

Evolution Unnaturally Checked

There is nothing sacred or even venerable about these hobbles. The clumsy plan of letting political drum majors and party wire-pullers manage and mismanage our complicated business departments—that is not democracy. **It is a makeshift** surviving from a happily long past

time when the infant democracy was struggling to its feet; when Parliament had to take the "servants of the King" by the throat till they learned that they were servants of the people.

The scene has totally changed. The supreme power of the people is now unquestioned, and the system adopted by democracy in its weakness as a check on the power of the crown **is now a throttling check on the progress and health of democracy itself.** The officers of the Crown, instead of being allowed to serve the people with undivided allegiance, are made the servants of some partisan member of Parliament, whom a partisan Prime Minister autocratically appoints to direct them.

The useful makeshift of a stage-coach and sailing-ship era is in our electric age a stereotyped insanity.

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Evolution and not revolution is democracy's path, a good man writes. That is one most powerful reason for ending the blight of partisan management. The evolution of democracy's power has proceeded peacefully and far; **the evolution of machinery for utilizing that power should have kept pace with it, but has not; it has been artificially checked.** The selfish interests of partisanship have blocked the way.

If the obstacle is not removed, then democracy, realizing both the greatness of its power and the smallness of the results in national prosperity, will be tempted to try a very different and dangerous path.

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Those who want nothing to be done, however, are few compared with those who want something done but won't do it.

Here is a more distressing class—those who would like to act but find their hands tied—the men who dare not speak out because they depend upon the Medicine Man's favor.

"It is a ———— of a system—and more power to your elbow; but, as you will understand, my dear fellow—." Yes, I quite understand.

"I always read with interest anything you write," says a high authority, "and your letters to the Prime Minister are no exception to this rule. But you will realize that," etc., "and you will, I feel sure, not press me for an expression of opinion—" in view of his delicate position. In spite of his caution, his indignation finally breaks out, "regardless of party,"

at the sources of that slough of despond in which we are kept wallowing.

A Voice From the Inside

From officials, any public criticism of their bosses the Medicine-Men can hardly be expected. Those of the right stamp, and they are many, have never lost their ambition to give the country the very best that is in them. They have learnt by experience, however, that original ideas and enterprising suggestions for the mere benefit of the country may be resented as reflecting on the infallible genius of their superiors. **The country needs mental fertility and resource in the worst way,** but the Medicine Man and his pets have no use for ideas that neither originate with themselves, nor flatter their vanity, nor promise them votes and glory.

It would blister the hide of a rhinoceros, the language used by the better officials to describe the fatuous system which wastes their powers in barren routine. (Strictly in confidence, of course, being sure they won't be quoted.)

"Go ahead," says one of the most respected men in the Civil Service,—"you speak strongly, but **you can never speak strongly enough, with the facts as we see them every day on the inside.**"

Here again is a very eminent official who is bold enough to write, being unable to come at me otherwise. He is engaged in a national service which obviously might be adding vastly and continuously to our prosperity,—and would be, but for the inefficiency of the system under which he works.

"I read with much relish your letter in the ————, and must write to say how I admire its truth and courage. 'Initiative is not encouraged, constructive ability is not given full play, and aggressive methods are at variance with the traditions of Departments.' Yea, verily!! I wish I was free to give you some illustrations."

The Worship of "Precedents"

The road to Heaven is paved with broken precedents.

I was rash enough to boast, before an English audience more than once, **that in Canada we were free to set aside old-world precedents** which hindered our new-world development.

It is true we are free, but how have we used our freedom?

A Canadian correspondent now in England writes: "Your Medicine-Man letters have reached this side. You exactly hit off our unfortunate Canadian situation, but not more exactly than Lord Leverhulme in the 'Mirrors of Downing Street', though he is supposed to be talking about the Old Country when he says,—**'The antiquated machinery which passes among politicians for a system of government is a chaos which would hardly be tolerated in a business establishment of the second class'.**"

The humiliating fact is that we cherish the ancient forms of the English political system more than its modern reforms.

The precedent set by England in stamping out the corruptions of **graft and favoritism** we have only half-heartedly followed, and some of our politicians are bent on undoing such progress as we have made.

The precedent of "antiquated machinery which passes among politicians for a system of government," we slavishly follow, though this new country, with its resources crying aloud for development and its population for increase, suffers far more than the old land from the paralyzing effects.

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The Comedy of Minister-Making

Just see how our Ministers get chosen for their managing positions, after their election to Parliament.

In Great Britain, the people mostly speak one language, and live in a comparatively small space. Racial and religious differences exist, however, and are often quite notable; the south of England, too, is about 700 miles from the north of Scotland; but the people do not allow the dividing lines of English and Welsh and Scottish nationality, of Protestantism and Roman Catholicism, or of mileage, to pen them apart like different breeds of cattle. The Prime Minister is free to allot each ministerial post to any member of the parliamentary majority who seems best fitted for it, without regard to race or creed. On memorable occasions—which are likely to become more frequent—a Prime Minister has allotted such posts to men outside his party altogether.

But here in Canada, when the Prime Minister calls the roll of his elected supporters he has to ask what corner of the Dominion a man

comes from, and what his racial origin is, and what language he speaks, and what church he belongs to, and even, among the members of one church, whether he comes from the French or English-speaking section of it. Then the poor Prime Minister starts to work out his cross-word puzzle. **His aim is to piece together a set of men representing—not the country, in its united interests,** which should be supreme, but **as many sections** as possible—geographical, racial and religious sections, all three in complication. Then he parcels out the big posts among the members of this batch.

The **last** thing he dares to think of, as a party chief, is the capacity of each man for the particular job he gets.

Now calculate the chance, under such a process, of any business department of Government getting the best man to run it, or even a thoroughly suitable man short of the best. Even if the Prime Minister allowed himself the whole membership of Parliament to choose from, the chance would not be one in a hundred, for such men as we need for such jobs are rarely found in Parliament. With the choice narrowed down as it is, the chance could not be discovered by a microscope. **If it is necessary to have political ministers chosen that way, it is all the more important to keep the actual management of our great business departments out of the hands of political ministers.**

That any individual so chosen, by all these irrelevant and sectional tests, should also happen to be the man marked out by nature and training for the particular job allotted him, would be a coincidence too marvellous for any sane mind to expect. It would, in fact, be a miracle.

It is all a huge gamble, with a little group of partisan chiefs on one side and the remaining nine millions of us on the other—and all the odds dead against us. Yet, what we have at stake in this preposterous game of chance is nothing less than our whole trade and industry, the daily bread of our families, the financial and even the political independence of our country.

In a comedy on the stage, any playwright who could invent such a farcical system for the government of his Never-Never-land would achieve a brilliant success. **But as this thing is being played in real life, at tremendous cost,**

with the whole Dominion for a stage, it is a tragedy. It is a "continuous performance", too, and we have to sit it out whether we like it or not. After every show the manager comes around with a collecting box in one hand and a gun in the other, holds us up for the expense, and the show goes on again without end or interval.

Wanted, A Voice of Authority.

How explain the pitiful fact that even now a man apparently sane is occasionally heard arguing **against** immigration? For it is as certain that Canada must have large-scale immigration as it is that a starving man needs food and a suffocating man needs air.

We trust a doctor, because of his capacity—the result of long special training and experience—to prescribe for us in much more complicated disorders than starvation and suffocation. He speaks with an authority which we can all recognize.

We do not trust the men in control of immigration, because **they cannot speak with authority.** They are politicians casually pitchforked into their positions without the special training, experience and capacity required. Besides, **immigration is a mere side-line with them.**. Twice, and for long periods, within the last three years, the Ministry of Immigration has been either left vacant or nominally occupied by a Minister whose time and attention are devoted to the management of another Department. And the opinion of any political Minister, even if he happened to have the special experience and capacity, could never be accepted without grave reserve by the whole community, simply because he is always known to have a party axe to grind.

If the keenest, most far-seeing, judicious, independent and practical minds in the country had been in charge of this business for years past, as they ought to have been, the only objectors today would be such incurables as think a cow should be content with two straws per day and a Dominion with two persons per square mile.

The opinions of a real authority, as to the number of new-comers we could accommodate and should therefore obtain in any year—all preparations having been made to plant that number and keep them planted—would be re-

ceived with general respect and probably enthusiasm.

Those political chiefs, then, who do recognize the overwhelming urgency of large immigration, but cling to the political management of public affairs in general, may **see the necessity of making an exception** in this case. Let them establish a specially qualified authority which will plan and carry through, with the backing of a whole country's confidence, those **large and varied schemes of organized settlement without which Canada must remain a giant skeleton, rattling its bones in a pitiful plea to be decently clothed in human flesh and blood.**

The Fiction of "Popular Control"

The facts are now proved up to the hilt. The situation is quite intolerable. Why is it tolerated, then? **Simply because we have not had the nerve to tackle it.** We are like a circus rider who finds a thin sheet of paper stretched over a hoop held up before him. He has only to jump through. He does,—and there he is on the saddle again, in **full** control of the horse as before. But we are unlike him, for we have not the courage to jump—scared of a blank sheet of paper.

That is all there is to it. The obstacle is solemnly represented by some as a dark and difficult problem—"**how to reconcile popular control with administrative efficiency**"—and we draw back in awe, scared by an empty phrase. "It can't be done," says the fatalist. His ancestor denied that steam could haul a train.

It has **got** to be done.

* * * *

What "popular control" have we now? It is supposed to be in Parliament. Come along and hunt for it there. If you can find it, you will rank far above the discoverer of the North Pole—for there **is** a North Pole.

It is a fiction, the supposed existence of "popular control", and the Parliamentary pretence of exercising it is a farce.

If a Member of Parliament innocently tries to make "popular control" a reality, what happens? The action or inaction which he questions is defended by the Minister in charge. If the Member persists, the Minister whips up his partisans and they vote the troublesome fellow down.

No one pretends to imagine that the House

has expressed its honest and impartial judgment on the rights and wrongs of the question. The Members in the majority vote as they do, whether they know anything about the question or not, simply because they belong to the Minister's party and it would be inconvenient for the party and its Ministry if they voted as they honestly think. Those who vote against their convictions—and we know that all members of a party cannot always think exactly alike on every question they decide by a party vote—are, to put it plainly, perjuring themselves under moral—or rather immoral—compulsion.

Is this "popular control"? It is the very opposite. And if, in some extreme case, enough members rebelled to force a General Election, there would be no guarantee, or even probability, that such an election would be decided on the single question that had made it necessary.

As a matter of fact, the Minister himself may know little or nothing of the action he defends. Being only a temporary occupant of his post, and generally an amateur at that, he cannot possibly understand all that goes on in his Department.

If we appoint men to manage our business departments on the only rational ground, that of their special fitness for the task, there is no earthly reason why they should not be **called regularly before the House to give a clear account of their proceedings** and answer any questions that Members wish to ask. Our elected representatives would thus get far truer and clearer and fuller information about the work of the public services than they ever get now from political Ministers.

If the House was not satisfied, on any particular point, it could express its true opinion freely; it **would not have to conceal and falsify its judgment** for fear of upsetting the whole Government or bringing on a premature and unnecessary election. And its judgment would be far more likely to agree with the mature opinion of the practical man in practical matters than it is now to agree with the talk of a political chieftain whose aim is to score a point in the party game.

If, after all, the House was not convinced by the reasoning of the practical man in charge of the business, he would either have to adapt his proceedings to the House's judgment—as

a business manager does, when his employer insists—or, if the difference was fundamental and irreconcilable, he could resign his post—again, without upsetting the Government.

If we like to imagine an almost inconceivable case, that of such a man defying Parliament, well, **Parliament has absolute power,** and can suspend him, dismiss him, hang him, condemn him to read a volume of its own debates, or submit him to any other form of torture. If Members of Parliament are not bloodthirsty enough to do this, the country can elect others who will.

Labor, and Growth of Population

Talk about "popular control"! One of my correspondents—only one—writes as if he feared that a non-political director of immigration would flood the towns with unemployed and the countryside with men unable to live by farming.

Why, if there is one achievement more than any other on which his position and reputation will depend, it is **the settlement of a rural population of the character, and under conditions, which will practically assure their permanent success.** The omission to secure such people on any large scale, and to devise such conditions, is the grossest proof of the incompetence of political management and the lack of any effective popular control.

And equally, on the negative or preventive side, it will be an elementary aim of any rational immigration director to keep out all who would crowd into towns and overstock the labor market beyond the ascertained needs of industry.

If there is one thing which even our political managers might have been expected to do, with the "popular control" of a labor vote in mind, it is that. Yet, in practice, a political Minister is open to such constant wire-pulling, such pressure of "influence" from so many conflicting sections, that he can never be trusted to stand firmly by a true principle, no matter how clearly the country's interests demand that he should. Today we may see him, under pressure from one section, open the door to a crowd of doubtful cases; tomorrow, when a part of the crowd has got in, we may see him under contrary pressure slam the door in the faces of the rest.

The plain facts are these :

That we have only a pretence of "popular control" now;

That we shall have not less but more "popular control" under the commonsense plan proposed:

That the country will always have the whip hand; but

That we shall have far less need to use the whip when we entrust the management of our business to men fit for the work, with no party or other aim to prevent them from devoting their whole energies to its execution, and willing to be judged by its success.

The Vital Point Agreed On

Get this vital thing, and the manner of such men's appointment, their number, their titles, and their term of office, are comparatively unimportant. Once we have agreed on the vital principle we shall not find it hard to agree on the details of its enforcement.

To enforce that principle is the prime necessity for Canadian labor. Under the paralyzing stagnation of Medicine-Man Rule, the sources of wages and employment are in danger of drying up before our eyes.

The President of the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada sees this clearly. Having carefully read these "Letters to the Prime Minister", he writes :

"Your general ideas are in harmony with my own, that is to place the Immigration Department under a non-political directorship. I do not, however, favor the Commissioners, but believe that a strong character as director with an Advisory Council on which each Provincial Government, along with a very limited number of other representatives, would have membership, would probably bring better results. However, this is a matter of detail and on the main idea we seem to be in agreement."

Of the three bodies suggested to appoint the Directors or Commissioners, the Civil Service Commission would seem the most likely to do it impartially, even though the men appointed to these high executive posts would be in no way subject to that Commission.

The Government, any Government, has an unpatriotic habit of confining its choice to men of its own party color, for commissionerships, senatorships, and so on. Stripped of camouflage, in most cases this is simply graft, dis-

honestly using the whole country's money to pay for services rendered to a party. But Governments have now and then risen above this vicious precedent, and might be shamed into a fit of patriotic impartiality for the present emergency.

Or Parliament itself might decide to make these appointments. It would be somewhat more likely to set patriotism before party than the Government would.

That is the view of a highly respected M.P. who has carefully studied our administrative machinery at close quarters.

"**The questions you deal with,**" he adds, "**are fundamental, and well merit prolonged debates in Parliament and the country. I consider 'Medicine-Man Government' just as foolish and damnable as you do. Thorough inquiry and reformation would seem entirely in order. How can we expect a political machine which received its present form many decades ago, to fit present conditions? A good deal of popular education may be necessary, however, before such a change as you suggest can be carried into effect.**"

We Know How to Learn

That hits a big nail on the head.

Happily our people educate themselves quickly when they feel the pinch as they are feeling it now.

"You can't teach farmers to co-operate," we used to be told. It was **another of those foolish old prophecies,** like "you can't make steam haul a train". But under the pinch of low prices and hard times the farmers have opened their eyes to the need and possibility of co-operation. They have learnt the ABC of co-operation, and are marching along to its X Y Z.

The ABC of success in co-operation, they learnt by hard experience, was **MANAGEMENT**—first-class, expert, single-minded, up-to-date management.

The ABC of success in our national business, such as the getting of population, the development of our natural resources, the perfecting of our agricultural production and marketing—the first essential to success is **first-class, expert, single-minded, up-to-date management**; and that is what the Medicine-Man system can never give.

Don't Wait for Leaders, But Lead!

"Our Leaders, their character and capacity"—one of my ablest correspondents puts his finger on that as a most important factor in the present situation.

A leader's business is to lead—to keep ahead of the rank and file. If he is afraid to lead, he proves his unfitness for leadership. That is plain enough. Yet again and again a so-called leader actually takes credit for his failure to lead. The way he puts it is that he "gives the people what they want", it is "unsafe to go ahead of public opinion", and more piffle to the same effect.

That is the camouflage of cowardice. It means that he is not leading but hanging on to the cat's tail, and waiting to see which way it will jump—then he will bravely jump with it.

The people have a right to expect that a man taking the position of a national leader shall have the broad commanding outlook, profound knowledge and exceptional intelligence, **beyond their own,** to see the way they should go, and the courage to lead them that way through every obstacle. If he cannot or will not do that, he is no leader.

Whether any of the present party leaders will prove himself the national leader we want, or whether any other man comes to the front with the character and capacity to inspire us with national enthusiasm, and lead us against the enemies of national progress, one thing is certain—we must NOT be content to "**wait and see.**"

There is a leadership every intelligent Canadian man and woman can seize, and they must seize it now. Without a thought of political place or honor for themselves, they can think out and master the elementary question of our most dangerous shortcomings and vital needs, and then persuade their friends and acquaintances to master it, too. One such patriotic man or woman in a neighborhood, clearly seeing what we need and how we can get it, will work wonders.

Act Before the Election Comes On

A lot of honest citizens who will have to share in the fight for rational government are still asleep, but the fight will not politely put itself off till they wake up. The sooner they open their eyes and take their part, doing their plain duty as leaders or as followers, the

sooner the victory of honesty and common-sense will be won. **Every day the present folly is allowed to continue means so much extra loss piled on the country.** And every Tom, Dick and Harry, every Jean Baptiste and Francois Xavier, as well as every Algernon de Vere and Montmorency de Montpellier in the land is paying his share of the loss right along, whether the tax-collector calls on him or not.

Drive home that fact into the minds of your neighbors, and with it drive home the question :

"Shall we allow this ruinous farce to go on, or shall we end it by getting fit men to manage our mis-managed affairs?"

Drive the answer to that question home into the mind of your Member of Parliament, by letter. Don't merely ask him what he is going to do about it, but tell him what clearly ought to be done, and request him to do it.

And when any man is even spoken of as a candidate for the next election, drive the same question home into him. Allow no beating about the bush, but make him give a straight and satisfactory answer—or forfeit the nomination.

This is no party question.

All that is wanted is the Will, and the Way is easy. The barricade of deceptive formulas raised to shield the disreputable old system will be swept away like a cobweb, and those who resist will be remembered only by the epitaph :

"They condemned democracy to failure and themselves to infamy."

* * * *

There is only one thing now left to be said—

CANADIANS, GET BUSY!